

[PRICE \$2½ PER MONTH]

INTIMATIONS

NOTICE.
THEIR DEAREST AND RESPONSIBILITY OF MR
ST. HONGON ABRAHAM NATHAN in
our Firm, in Hongkong and China has CEASED
from this date.

E. D. SASSOON & Co.
F. Shanghai, 29th October, 1885. 1950

NOTICE.
MR. WILLIAM SISSON HUNTER,
late of the Victoria Dispensary, having
taken Charge of the HONGKONG PHARMACY,
the Firm representing the Pharmacy shall in
future be under the SIGNATURE OF
WOODFORD & Co.
Hongkong, 22nd November, 1885. 1947

STEAM TO SHANGHAI.
THE P. & O. S. N. Co.'s Steamship
"RAVENNA".
will leave for the above place TO-DAY, the
8th instant, at THREE P.M.

A. McIVER,
 Superintendent.
 Hongkong, 5th November, 1885.
 FOR SHANGHAI.
 THE Steamship
 " NINGPO."
 Captain W. Potts, will be despatched for
 the above Port TO-DAY, the 5th instant.

at FOUR P.M.
For Freight or Passage, apply to
SIEMSEN & Co.
Hongkong, 6th November, 1885. 1877
"FOR YOKOHAMA AND HIOGO."
THE Steamship
"GLENALLOCH"

Captain Webster, will be despatched as above
TO-MORROW, the 7th instant, at Noon.
For Freight or Passage, apply to
JARDINE, MATHIESON & Co.
Hongkong, 5th November, 1885. 1875

FOR SWATOW AND BANGKOK.

THE SCOTTISH ORIENTAL STEAM-
SHIP COMPANY, LIMITED.

THE Company's Steamer

"KONG BENG."

Captain R. Jones, will be despatched for the
above Ports on SUNDAY, the 8th instant, at
DAYLIGHT.

For Freight or Passage, apply to

For Freight or Passage, apply to
YUEN FAT HONG,
Agents.
Hongkong, 5th November, 1885. 11975
"SHIRE" LINE OF STEAMERS.
FOR LONDON AND HAMBURG, via
SUEZ CANAL.
THE Steamship

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"PEMBROKESHIRE,"
D. Davies, Commander, will be despatched for
the above Ports on FRIDAY, the 13th instant
For Freight or Passage, apply to
ADAMSON, BELL & Co.,
Agents.
Hongkong, 5th November, 1885. 1716

NOTICE.

COMPAGNIE DES MESSAGERIES
MARITIMES.
PAQUEBOTS POSTE FRANCAIS.
FOR KOBE AND YOKOHAMA.

THE Company's Steamer
"TANAIS."
 Captain Paul, will leave for the above Port
 shortly after the arrival of the Mail steamer
 from Europe.
G. DE CHAMPEAUX,
 Agent.
 Hongkong, 30th October, 1885.
NOTICE

NOTICE.
COMPAGNIE DES MESSAGERIES
MARITIMES.
PAQUEBOTS POSTE FRANCAIS.
FOR SHANGHAI.
THE Company's Steamer
"MELBOURNE."

Co.,
1843
ION
ND

Commandant Macé, will leave for the above Port shortly after her arrival with the French Mail from Europe.

G. DE CHAMPEAUX,
Agent.

Hongkong, 6th November, 1855:

FOR NEW YORK —
THE Fast & Favorite American Clipper Ship
"SOUTH AMERICAN"

Frank Fowle, Master, will load here for the
above Port, and will have quick despatch.
For Freight, apply to
RUSSELL & Co.
Hongkong, 6th November, 1885. 19
IN THE SUPREME COURT OF
HONGKONG.
IN BANKRUPTCY.

NOTICE—GEORGE HOLMES, of Melbourne,
 14, Praya Central, Victoria, in the Colony
 of Hongkong, Ship and Passenger Broker,
 having been adjudged Bankrupt, under a Petition
 for Adjudication of Bankruptcy filed in the
 Supreme Court of Hongkong, on the 16th day
 of October, 1885, a Public Sitting for the said
 Bankrupt to pass his last examination and make

application for his Order of Discharge will be held before the Honourable Sir GEORGE PHILIPPO, Knight, Chief Justice of the said Court at the Supreme Court House, Victoria aforesaid, on MONDAY, the 21st day of December 1885, at 11 o'clock in the forenoon of that day, precisely.

ALFRED GASCOYNE WISE, Esquire, is the Official Assignee in the Bankruptcy, and the Undersecretary, are the Solicitors acting for the said Bankrupt.

The First Meeting of Creditors has been de-
held and at the Public Sitting above mentioned
proofs of Debts of Creditors who have a
proved will be received and the said Bankrupt
will be required to surrender himself to the
Court and to submit himself to be examined
to make a full disclosure and discovery of all
Estate and Effects and to finish his examination
Dated this 5th day of November. 1885.

Praya
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1549

WOTTON & DEACON.
Solicitors Acting in the Bankruptcy
35, Queen's Road,
Hongkong.

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LANE, CRAWFORD & CO
KID GLOVES.

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KID GLOVES,
KID GLOVES
FOR MORNING WEAR.
KID GLOVES,
KID GLOVES,
KID GLOVES

FOR EVENING WEAR.

KID GLOVES,

KID GLOVES.

KID GLOVES

FRENCH AND ENGLISH MAKES.

Z, LANE, CRAWFORD & Co
[1633] Hongkong, 6th November, 1885.

EXTRACT.

BONJOUR, PHILIPPINE!

Illustrious Councillor! 'tis right for us
All sentiments of jealousy to stifle,
Who in our day have played Antiochens.
To here and there an unconsidered trifle,
Yet must we owe to justious envious tones
That when we do not hear our own restreuous banner
Was borne alofted of old in style so much
Inferior to the true Bismarckian manner.
The "spacious times of G. v. Elisabeth,"
And of our first fine-colourising capture,
Scarcely yield comparison; we hold our breath
At thy magnificence of careless capture.
Never when we were at our best—oh worst—
Did we attach to the compare so splendid
Of our assumption—who speaks the first.
May grab the first—and the affair be ended.
Never dared we to play the children's game
All round the world, with also so truly real,
A you-scapegoat, Prince, who just extolles
Bonjour? and wink!—up goes the Imperial eagle!
Never did Admiral Woenstnik, ocean-bound
From our coast, as from yours, so oft make exit
With sealed instruction to keep running round
And cry, "Holla, as islan'! 'tis amozz it!"
'Tis a majestic spectacle, no doubt,
This proud display of moral nerve and sinew!
Yet may we venture to raise straight out,
How long perchance 'tis destined to continue?
To be for ever stealing marches so
On the other female of the planet
Canst to all eternity, you know,
Delight and gratify your neighbour—at it!
Think not we speak in Pharisaic part;
Ours has the feeling of that revered weakler
Who heard to give his lock too long a start,
Perched on the topmost cock of his "three-dickler."
"Start fast, my brethren!" That is all we say,
We must not "try the group of ladies forgotten,
The river-mouth that slides itself away,
The modest port blushing to be detected—
We see not why these Ocean maidens should
Meet in the first chance of ruin; each her merman
Not less than cruise in her neighbourhood
Seem nowadays invariably German).
No; if these accidental friends are not
To lead to international estrangement,
Let every unpropitious accident
Be ran for, like a photo, by fair arrangement.
Let every nation enter for the race
That owns a ship which seems a likely winner,
And let the first that makes the wished for place
Run up its flag, and give the rest a dinner.
Nor need you say, "Prince, the match refuse,"
As though to bar our own with ours unable,
There are we four, too many "abilities across"
In our undoubtedly extensive stores.
But if not speed, why then let luck decide—
Pure luck, and not skill's master—annatation,
And the experiment be boldly tried.
Of raffling the entire unclaimed creation.
—Saturday Review.

JOHN NEEDHAM'S DOUBLE.

A STORY FOUNDED ON FACT.

[BY JOSEPH SATTON.]

CHAPTER IV.

HOW THE DOUBLES MEET, AS RELATED IN
LETTER WRITTEN BY JOSEPH NORBERT T
ESTER, M.A.

"Up New Hummums Hotel, London
Saturday afternoon.

"My Dear Sister,—

"The day of sailing of the *Ocean Queen* from Liverpool has been altered from to-day into Monday, owing to some slight accident that occurred here, when she was leaving the dock. I am rather glad of this, as it enables me to remain in London a few hours longer, and to take some letters to a Judge in New York and to a high State official, which are to be given to me by Mr. John Needham, M.P., who was recently one of the Lords of the Treasury, a very able gentleman, and the income of myself.

"Is not that strange? You have often said there is nobody in the world like me and there is—my height (nearly), my hair, eyes, complexion, and stammer (never knew I had a stammer until I heard him speak) and a bachelor. Dick must look out, for I shall assuredly have my double at Brantling House when I come home, and as you are fond of your foolish old brother you will be sure to fall in love with Needham. You have said that I have lately had an expression in my eyes, a tired look, and that I was paler than usual. And the Honourable John Needham, M.P., is, like me even in the throat—very, is it not?

"I met in my office, Charles Northfield, our North Derbyshire member, invited me to dine at the Refectory. I want to keep the engagement a little early, and as I was waiting in the lobby I had a curious surprise. I thought there was a glass at the end of the corridor; that the person approaching was himself—my reflection, you know; but it was another man! Meeting halfway we both paused and looked at each other, the person with a strange stamp of surprise, I with, suppose, an amused smile. When we had passed each other, he turned and came after me.

"I beg your pardon," he said with a slight hesitation, "but you look a natural-like—must 'have we met before'?"

"No," I said, smiling, and in a voice that sounded like an echo of his own. "No, or we should never have forgotten it; for when first I saw you at the end of the corridor I thought you were my reflection in a glass."

"Really," he said, "and how very strange that should be! Meeting halfway we both feared the view in which I stared at you might seem an impertinence, I pause to apologise."

"It is not necessary, I assure you," I said. "Then with a smile he said, 'Don't you think under the circumstances we ought to know each other?'"

"With your permission," I said. "Yes, and indeed him my card."

"And our initials are the same," he replied rummaging in his pocket book for a card.

"Very odd, they are," I replied, as I read "Mr John Needham, M.P."

"Do you live here?" he asked.

"Yes," I said, "and here is my host."

"Is Mr. Charles Northfield here?" he said, as C. N. came up. "Then we shall meet again."

"I hope so," I said, and Northfield added "By all means."

"In the smoke room?" asked Needham.

"Yes," said Northfield.

"An hour from now?"

"With pleasure."

"Then farewell," said Needham.

"A very able man," said Northfield rather embarrassed, it is thought, but temporarily, and may yet live to be Premier.

"We met in the smoke room later, and Mr. Needham promised me some valuable introductions, two of which he has already sent me early this morning; and am to dine with him and his wife at six. I will give you a bit of adventure, is it not? but very interesting to me, and I feel as if I had made a new and useful friend. An much better this morning shall have for Liverpool first train Sunday morning, have a quiet few hours in the train to read Dickens's new book, and then write you a line or two. I will call for you in New York. London is very lively just now, and what is more important in your estimation is the fact that I feel much better. My love to Aunt Dorothy, to Dick (even you, see him) and a good loving kiss for you, from your devoted brother, JOE.

"Miss Norbert very anxiously waits for your day morning as the bells of the village church were chiming in the valley.

"The tragic events that were enacted while

The welcome message had been traveling down to Wredale must remain for narration in a succeeding chapter.

CHAPTER V.
A DIABOLICAL PATE PLAYS INTO DIABOLICAL HANDS.

"No, he must; not come, to dinner," said Needham to himself on Saturday morning; "no, that might compromise the situation. Supper? If the House sat on Saturday night, I would go away without it; otherwise must not see him."

Needham was in his bedroom. He had had a cup of tea and dry toast sent up—a very unusual thing with him. He was walking softly to and fro in his dressing-gown and slippers there, something wishy in his walk, and something stealthy, cadlike.

"He has no position to maintain," he went on, sometimes uttering his thoughts in a whisper, sometimes pausing to bite them, as it were, into his mind and purpose, as the modern engraver bites his lines into the zinc cut—"he has no money—no wife and unhappily, no future, no public life, no lost reputation to rehabilitate, no father or mother alive, a sister who is engaged to be married, and he simply goes to New York for change, the excuse being a possible windfall of property; fearless of death, evidently, and possibly burning about it." And so he went on for neither; to-day, with this new possibility I long for it; but let me be no hypocrite at this moment. The old people in Ireland can live on my life under the circumstances be anything to them? No. Whatever happens I shall to-morrow be dead to them, dead to all! But what if John Botsch's other friend who has found me awake all the night, have his will, I shall be a murderer—alive, safe, with money, free from debt, but with the blackest of all crimes to top the rest of my iniquities."

He sat now, cross-legged, on a chair, leaning back, looking glass on his toilet-table set aside and locked at its pale face, his blood-shot eyes, his compressed lips, with now and then his left canine tooth showing.

"There is no going back in crime," he said, addressing himself. "You know there is not: When you think you have come to the finish, a new road opens up to you, a new path to hell!" You sold confound and honor would you? When there was no hope—only then—when the gulf was at your feet, when the pit was there and the devil with his hand upon your throat to hurl you in. But now he brings you a substitute, and you are ready to continue your wicked march, even to sell your soul again—for yes, those are people who do not believe in the devil!"

The sun shone into the room, and darting upon a pair of razors that were lying before him, made a mocking reflection upon the wall. He got up from the chair and washed it.

"I am cutting up my throat and save my soul by doing so," he suggested?" he said. "No, it is murder, either way. If I kill myself it is murder, if I kill him it is murder. One sin is as black as the other. But—the hint is worth taking in another direction. I will carry you in my pocket; a friend is need."

He placed one of the razors in its case and laid it along in Derbyshire, where he said already brushed with his own clothes near the table) put it into his breast pocket.

"The poison might not work," he said—"I must make no mistake. The same initials, too.—J. N. It would be like flying in the face of proof—no, the devil—to refuse such an opportunity. J. N. is on my mind."

A knock arrested him at the door.

It was interrupted by a knock at the door.

"Yes."

The servant entered and gave him the letter.

He opened the letter and looked at the signature.

"John Norbury?" he exclaimed.

Then he went in a stealthy way to the door and unlocked it.

"Dear Mr. Needham," he read. "Pray accept my best thanks for the two letters of introduction. I very much appreciate your kindness. This morning I have a letter from my son-in-law in Derbyshire stating that he still lives in town to-day at six. He has invited himself to dine with me—and talk over business. This is unfortunate——"

Here Needham looked up from the letter, and remarked to himself, "I don't know—perhaps it is—but perhaps not. At all events I'm equal to either fortune—or ruin!"

After reading the invitation again he read "but my visitor leaves for Richmond at nine or ten, and if in begging your indulgence to excuse me"—withdrawing my acceptance of your kind invitation to dinner—I may be allowed to come round to you and smoke a cigar after my friend has left for Richmond. I shall be very glad to do so, and to receive your usual farewells. My journey will follow my journey to New-York. Do not trouble to answer this. I shall take my chance of finding you, and as I shall have nothing else to do it will not inconvenience me at all if it should be inconvenient for you to remain at home.—Yours very truly,

JOHN NORBURY.

"Providence—or the devil has a hand in this," Neddy exclaimed. "It cannot be providence, for providence has written j downwards hard and strong, and engraved it on the mountain stone. Thou shalt do no murder. Satan thou art Fate? Or Fate?—Fate?—Fate?—hang thee here, O Providence, or the Devil hangs thee here. They claim the right to elect which is to be the victim. He is picked out from millions and under marvellous circumstances, and brought to London in the nick of time. The circumstances which will attend his removal, his substitution for him, will be equally extraordinary. Even details of the affair is moulded for me. It is as if, like the Patriarch of old, I had found a man caught in the thicket, ready to take the place of this other sacrifice; or the dagger that pointed the way to Duncan's chamber; or like the omen that encouraged Tarquin. But what is to be done? Will they demand mysterious claims we stand me at last? There's the rub. But sufficient for the day is the evil thereof. I will go on—Kate continuing propitious—if I saving for it."

His face was livid now, his lips fixed and cruel, and he paced the chamber as he had done before, muttering words, passing ideas, and then to mutter and talk. Presently he took the razor from his coat-pocket and put it into the pocket of his dressing-gown.

After an interval Needham called for his coachman.

"John, I want you to catch the next train to Leighton Buzzard; get a meat-steak driven to my house, and buy four good horses and yourself. I have a message for you to Dick and some medicine for the horses. And James!"

"Yes, sir," said the footman.

"I wish you to go with John."

"Yes, sir."

"Do not forget to wait here. I am going out tomorrow."

"Yes, sir."

"You will stay all night at Leighton Buzzard, and meet my boy of yours with the dog-cart, at the Leighton station, at the first train on Monday."

"Yes, sir."

Mrs. Needham looked at his watch.

"You have two hours to put up, your horse and go to the station. When you are ready I have a bottle for you."

"Yes, sir," said the two servants together.

They took a bottle down to Leighton, with a note from the master, but it was not the bottle which had been delivered at Portland Place with so much ceremony the day before. John, however, was instructed not to open the parcel until Monday morning, when Mrs.

"Needham would instruct him in the use of it."

"When the two mon-serrants had gone, Mr. Needham (having assigned John to leave the stable key on the study table) went into the yard and smoked a cigar there, a very unusual thing for him to do. He went into the stables, and patted the cob which he used for driving, in his single brougham. Then he unlocked the harness and the bridleman, strolling in and out of the stables, the harness-room, and the coach-house. After a while he carried the cob's harness into the stable and put it on. He peeped out into the yard to see if he was noticed. No, all was quiet; he took his single brougham. The driver looked behind at the traces; went back to the coach-house, returned to the stable, unharnessed the cob, patted its neck, replaced the harness; then picked up the cigar he had laid on the window ledge and went back to his room.

"I might as well go another way," he said to himself; "it did not fade and circumstance point to the one way—my way—the way I was going myself. My own plans are laid—they are simple and natural, and I see them in detail from first to last. On the eve of their fulfillment there comes to me this substitute, this second-seal, to take my place. But must I let such a thing happen? Must I place in detail for detail, and by the only way to drive him to the spot where the body of John Needham is to be discovered. There is no other way; but the doing of it, the successful carrying out of such a substitution of me for another—that an undertaking like this must be done! It is passed with Me. Well, what if I bungled as I have done so often of late? What if I bungle and am detected in the midst of my work? Well, there will be poison enough for both of us. I feel as if I had already taken some noxious stuff into my veins. Men who commit murder must first be mad. It is easier to make men than horses. I shall be more powerful than my own. It is as if I were creeping and crouching for my prey; and I grow hot and cold."

He paced the room—in that cat-like tigerish way which had previously characterized his movements, and he paused to catch sight of his pale face in a mirror—gazed at blood-stained hands, and then down again at the desk and sorted papers. Then he made some memoranda in his diary, took a bundle of bank notes from the safe and placed them in a pocket-book. Presently he rang the bell.

"Send the cook to me," he said to the parlour-maid, who answered the bell.

"And, Mary?"

"Yes, sir."

"Where you er at the opera?"

"Yes sir thank you, sir."

"It is a great night at the opera to-night"

"Thank you, sir."

"The orchestra and the chorus as well; there is only Jane besides, and Cook, eh?"

"And Sarah, sir."

"Well I shall not be home until very late to-night, and you can all go; I will get sent for you in the upper circle; I shall be there so shall expect to see you in your places."

"Thank you, sir."

"All right, yes, I suppose Rogers would not mind taking charge of you, eh?"

"Don't know, I'm sure, sir."

"Ah, well, I will ask to him—that will do."

"Thank you, sir," she said, and bowed herself out of the room.

"Master's gone mad!" she exclaimed.

"Close—and mad as a hatter! Where's Rogers?"

"In the butler's pantry."

"I want to speak to him; if ever there was a hater as was mad, master's him!"

Mary flew to the butler, who received her request with some impudently and evident signs of reluctance.

"I'll fetch you a lot of kitchen wenches at the opera; Mary if you wish!" said the butler.

His bell rang out as he spoke.

"Overer, we'll see about it now, there's the governor's bell," and Mr. Rogers went pompously off to the study.

The next morning with the master, he visited the house-keeper's room, and not finding Mrs. Short went back into the kitchen.

"Where's Mrs. Short?" he asked.

"Gone to Leighton Buzzard; master expects company there on Monday," said the cook.

"Well!" exclaimed Mary, "is it true?"

"Not as he's mad, nor; but peculiar, it's his birthday, and he says he feels that he'd like us to keep it; that is you and me and Mary and Jane and Sarah, and be have ordered a supper for us after the opera, and he says, as it's the fast trent as he's given us he'd like it to be spent you see, and the cook isn't to go to the opera, but she's to go to the Crown, where he's ordered the supper—at ten o'clock,—and help the Crowns to do the thing proper, and he prefers it to having it here and thinks it will be more jolly like; and he won't want nobody a horse, or ring, or lawyer, Nollar is coming to the opera, and they're working together, because master's going to Leighton Buzzard on Monday and then to Ireland for a week."

Mary, nevertheless, contended that the master was "mad, and looked it," and she was "doad sure of it" when the butler being re-called by Mr. Needham returned to the study, she loudly insisted upon the supper at the Crown. On the other hand the cook contended that he was getting tired of a lonely man, and consequently began to "think of others a little," and for her part she always felt he was "good sort," and now he was "a-beginning to show it."

In the meantime, Mr. Needham called at the Oxford Tavern and paid a visit to the Crown Tavern (a coachman's residence near Brunswick Place), at which latter place he arranged for the supper, and was voted "regular brisk" by the landlord and his wife. Then he strolled into Oxford Street and purchased a strong narcotic. He walked and talked alone till nearly midnight, and lost himself in his strange way, as if he were in a dream, but knew he was awake—as if he was led on—as if he was destined to do a cruel thing, and could not resist it. Some of his forgeries, his desperate attempts to keep his head above the eddies of Anagnorism, his longings to do good, his unquenchable thirst for knowledge, kindred impulses—all his evil natures were altogether beyond the control of his moral faculties.

As the solemn clock on the library marked piece pointed to a quarter to eight he stood under the shadow of the silk curtains and saw the host of his country of attendants dropping thence into Portland Road, Oxford Circus on their way to the opera.

The sun had set in lowering clouds, and there was promise in the changing wind of a wet, dark night. He noted these signs and said to himself—

"Everything in earth and heaven, if I may use those words, conspires against me, and points the road to fraud."

(To be Continued.)

At last there is some prospect of the countries of Europe banding together to legislate against from the great oil wells of Southern Russia. Hitherto Russian oil has entered very little into the general European market, though much exported through America to America, and used by the field to itself, and has controlled the markets of the world with its "rings." But American wells are decreasing in productive power, whilst the Russian Black Sea Steam Navigation Company has taken up the work of the transport of Russian oil; and as having three steamships specially built for the trade, the fleet of thirty-five tankers, with extra-fitted holds, is almost completed.

HONGKONG MARKETS.

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FOOT IN MOODS

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PRODUCER.

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